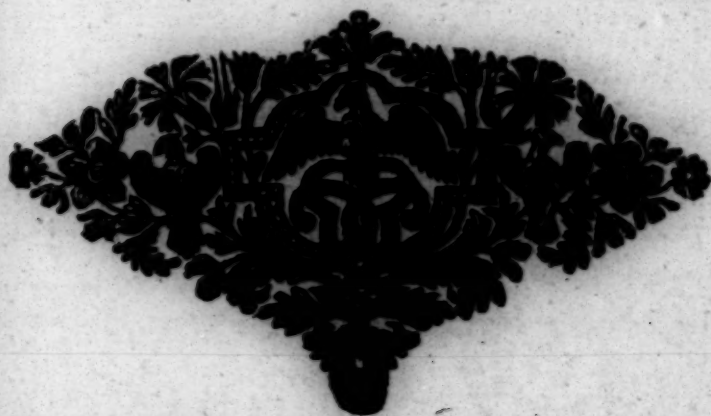


The COUNTRY-MANS
MISCELLANY,
OR,
REFLECTIONS

On that GLORIOUS
PLANET the *SUN*,

With other P O E M S:
Intermix'd with Innocent M I R T H, and Solid C O N -
T E M P L A T I O N S.

By J. M.



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by the BOOKSELLERS of Lon-
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MISCELLANY

REFLECTIONS

A FIFTY-FOUR
PAGES OF THE



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A N

ADDRESS

To those Young PERSONS of the

Borough of *Walsall*,

At whose Request the following POEMS were
PUBLISHED.

BRAVE Youth to whose retired Thought,
I here devote these following Lines,
Scorn not the Dress, tho' homely Wrought,
Where nought but Truth, unvailed Shines;
Forgive the Errors, mind the Theam,
This is the All of my Request,
Sure its no Dull, but wakeing Dream,
Then Mind the Scope, and leave the Rest.

T H E

Authors Apology.

THE Sun the most Glorious Creature in the Universe, and under God the chief promoter and maintainer of Light, Life, Comfort, and Happiness amongst all the Creatures in this lower World; without which we might as well have been in our ancient Chaos of Confusion: As indeed it was before the Sun was created according to the Poet,

Quem dixere Chaos rudis indigestaque moles. Ovid.

a rude and indigested Heap.

But at the Suns approach, Things were quickly altered into Rectitude, and Perfection: I say the Sun instrumentally (for I don't mean to make a God of it,) tho' the Ancient Heathens adored it: The great Babilonian Idol Bel, or Belus, says, Sir Walter Rawleigh in the Chaldean Tongue, signifies the Sun. Most of the Heathenish Superstitions center'd in the Sun, as might easily be proved by searching into the Records of Heathenish Antiquities; and is manifestly declared in Ross's History of all Religions; where under several Denominating Titles, as Titan, Phebus, Apollo, &c. It may be evidently proved they meant the Sun: Although some of those antient Sages had Wisdom enough to discern its Creatureship, one of them said that the Sun was not properly Light, but a Receptacle of Light; implying that it received its Light from a superiour Being; tho' another of them was so enamoured with its dazling Beauties, that

he

he wish'd he might Perish in the Flames of the Sun, if so be he might see into the nature of it : For my own part, I am not of his Opinion, and as I am neither Philosopher, nor Astronomer, I shall not meddle with its essential Qualities, Magnitude or Velocity; only shew something of the Excellency of that Glorious Planet in some auspicious Metaphors, by way of Introduction; and afterwards trace him in his several (I dont say all his) operations on natural Bodies; and intermix it with some innocent Mirth and solid Contemplation.

As I wrote it for my own Diversion, I had no Design of publishing it, till having shown part of it to some young Persons of my Acquaintance, they importun'd me to print it. When observing them delighted in Verse, I condescended to their request: But being sensible it's not dress'd up according to the Mode of the present Age; I from thence concluded, it might not be agreeable to the Curious, and on that Account declin'd it; till upon their repeated Solicitations, saying, if it pleased no body else, it would please them; I prevail'd with myself to publish it in the homely Dress in which it was wrote: Nor am I any way Solicitous what Treatment I may meet with, from Censorious Criticks; provided I can any way advance Religion in the Hearts of those young Persons whom I entirely Love; as being the hopefull Plants of the rising Generation.

My End and Design is to stir up my self, and others, by viewing the Creatures to adore the Creator; that such as have not the true knowledge of God, may by viewing God in the Creatures enquire after the way to worship him, to their Souls Salvation; which (thro' the Assistance of Divine Grace) they may certainly attain, in this Land of Light; if they are not wanting to themselves. I have endeavour'd by innocent Mirth, to draw them on to the more contemplative Part; that they might not only be pleas'd but profit'd, as the Divine Herbert observes,

A verse may find, him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

As for the use of Metaphors the holy Scriptures and our Saviour himself may be a sufficient warrant for their lawfulness, I might have said usefullness; where under several parabolical Similitudes, they sweetly convey the rays of divine Truths into the Hearts of their Auditors.

In excuse for the many Imperfections that may appear throughout the whole performance, I shall only acquaint the reader that I wrote the greatest part of these Poems in retir'd Places; such as would not afford me the Benefit of any Discourses, of this or any other kind, to peruse; so that my two chief Supporters were only Fancy and Memory; which tho' they are two kind Indulgencies, yet are not Infallible Guides.

I shall only add, that if the Reader finds the same pleasure in perusing the Poem; that the Author found in Writing it, it may in some Measure Compensate for the Vacant Moments he may bestow upon it.

J. M.



THE

T H E

PROLOGUE.

HAIL gentle Muse, O let thy quick'ning Fires,
 Inspire my Fancy, strengthen my Desires,
 Warm my cold Blood, exalt my Spirits so,
 That I great *Sols* attracting Powers may show,
 When bright *Aureas* checquer in the Air,
 Peep o'er the Eastern Mountains to declare,
 They are great *Sols* majestick Harbinger.

}

The glorious Monarch now ascends his Throne,
 And all nocturnal Darkness tramples down,
 Above the Mountains see, he mounts on high,
 With rapid Force, more swift than Bullets fly:
 With sparkling Rays illuminates the Air,
 And makes the whole Creation gay appear;
 Infuses genial Life in all below,
 In Men and Beasts, in Birds and Minerals too.
 See how the Clouds by his attractive Force,
 Enlarge dilate, and teem with their Encrease,
 T' improve th' Soil, and feed the teeming Earth,
 That from her Womb may spring a plenteous Birth;
 How by the force of his magnetic Power,
 He forms the Bud and ope's the rising Flower,
 The vegetable Race we ne'er had seen,
 In all the Glories of their Silken green,
 Had not these Solar influences been.

}

See

See how he reigns amongst the Lights on high,
Triumphant as a God in Majesty.

At his commands they peep, or disappear,
And all the Planets pay him Homage there,
Fair *Cynthia* shines by his enlight'ning Power,
And shews the date of her nocturnal Hour,
But Oh! the Glories that attend this King,
When to his Royal Throne, his Peagants bring;
See how the Troops of flying Steeds prepare,
To cut their Way amidst the parting Air.
See how the Royal Nymphs haste to attire
His curled Brow with Knots of gilded Wier.
Methinks I see the smiling Lamps appear,
That lie beneath the adverse Hemisphere;
And peeping thro' the Canvas of the Skies,
Wishing their turn were come, that they might Rise,
To re-address their King in triumph set,
And new Engagements solemnly repeat.
Now from his lofty Turret he descends,
His course towards the Western Ocean bends,
And now as Angry that he must retire,
He belches, out fierce Balls of liquid Fire,
Which makes the Traveller to flag with Heat,
And seek a shade o'ercome with Gore and Sweat.
And now the Motions of the rolling *Sun*,
In its diurnal Circuit's almost done.
With crimson Streams the Western Skies adorn'd,
And ploding Mortals now, are all forewarn'd,
To leave their Labour, and prepare to sleep,
Their weary Limbs in Strength-restoring Sleep.

On the S U N,

SECT. I.

HAIL bright *Aurora*! let my Morning Muse,
 Fresh vital Heat into my Heart infuse,
 While I explore the Marches of the Sun,
 Thro' all the Labyrinths he is pleas'd to run;
 Come we'll begin, and view the Morning Lark,
 In Grassy Pillows fluttering in the Dark:
 Upon the Surface of the Dewy Earth,
 The glittering Stars yield him no cause of Mirth.
 But when the bright Triumphant *God* of Day
 Appears, Oh! glorious Sight! in full Array,
 He prunes his Plumes, and stretches out his Wings,
 And in heroick Strains, mounts up and Sings,
 The warbling Sonnets fill the spacious Air,
 With vocal Musick, thats beyond compare,
 He Revels thro' the Traces of the Sun
 And steers his course, as its bright motions run,
 He soars aloft, and climbs the Azure Skie
 As tho' his soaring Pinions would out fly,
 This earthly Globe, and all its Sordid wares,
 To seek another World beyond the Stars.
 And now the feather'd Songsters of the Grove,
 Begin their Mattins, and to Consort move,
 Each Note so sweet, attentive Men admire,
 How this resembles that coelestial Choir,

B

Where

Where Angels and departed Spirits Sing,
 Loud Hallalujahs to their glorious King,
 The royal *Eagle*, in her tow'ring Flight,
 Affects the Sun, in Rays divinely Bright,
 When by magnetic Force she takes her aim,
 At *Sols* bright Face, and feeds on lucid Flame.

§ 2. Now I'll reflect on what is past, and try,
 By solid Meditation to apply
 The wonders of this seeming Deity.
 How happy should I be, were I but free,
 From worldly Cares, and with the Lark could Flee,
 By winged Faith, above the starry Sky,
 And by strong confidence on *God* rely.
 Then should I live without distracting Cares,
 And free my self from all tormenting Fears.
 Or could I like the Eagle fix mine Eye,
 On that bright *Son of Righteousness*, and Spy
 My Name engraven on his sacred Breast;
 As my sweet Saviour, and my great high Priest.
 Then could I with a strong Security,
 Say to my Soul, Eat, Drink and Merry be,
 Thou hast a glorious Crown laid up for thee.
 And he that hath prepar'd eternal Rest,
 Is daily working all Things for the best.

§ 3. As I was list'ning to the pretty Tales,
 Of warbling Birds, thus chattering in the Vales,
 I turn'd my self about and chanc'd to Spy,
 The harmless Flocks of bleating Sheep hard by,
 This put me in a more admiring Strain,
 My Fancy then to Contemplation ran;

With

With sweet Attractions, then I undertook,
 To ope the folded Leaves of Natures Book;
 By Contemplation we may understand,
 Who made the Heav'ns, and from whose pow'rful Hand
 Those starry Meteors have their Influence,
 By whose unmov'd decree they act, and whence
 They keep their Orders, by a fixt Decree,
 And all conjoin in perfect Harmony.
Orion whence in the declining Year,
 Bids *Boreas* blow, and Winter Storms appear,
 Or *Pleiades*, in the revolving Spring,
 In mild Effays their sweetest influence bring.
 Whence *Zepher* Blows and Fans the ruffling Air,
 With milder Gales whence Buding Flowers appear.
 Then I sat down upon the verdent Plain,
 Some providential Problems to explain;
 And what the Truth of that sad Case might be,
 That Men and Beasts did so far disagree.
 What direful Metamorphosies we find,
 When Men are Brutes, and Brutes by far more Kind:
 Whence did these strange Convulsions first arise,
 Was it not in the Earthly Paradise?
 When the unhappy Pair did first agree,
 To break a Law; and lost their Liberty,
 And now the fallen Race of Men we see,
 In nothing else, but discord do agree.
 They who agreed to Sin against their God,
 Are now fall'n under his Revenging Rod.
 This is the Cause, that *Cain* did hate his Brother,
 This is the Cause, the Child will scorn his Mother.

This is the Cause, of all that deadly Strife,
 So prevalent betwixt the Man and Wife.
 Lord! what a World is this that we must run,
 Into the Caverns of the Earth to shun,
 That deadly strife, which now so much abounds,
 And that more dread Prophaness which resounds;
 From Earth to Heaven; what horrid Blasphemies,
 Do they repeat, and send with fearful Noise,
 Their black Damniadoes to the blushing Skies.
 Here I can sit with sweet Content and be
 From all their horrid Imprecations Free,
 And Love my self, *my God*, when I Love thee.
 For why the just whilst in this mortal Life,
 Are by the World pursu'd with hateful Strife:
 Banter'd in scorn, by their reproachful Breath,
 Who in their Hearts, (at least) conspire their Death.
 But *God* who on his Servants will bestow,
 Glorious Rewards at last, will help them through
 This troubled World; and all the blust'ring Storms
 Of *Cains* Fierce hate, and *Ishmaels* biting Scorns,
 Did not kind Providence this deluge Bound,
 Corruption like a Sea, by gaining Ground,
 Would by its furious Rage the World confound:

§. 4. But now my Muse, let's trace the rolling Sun;
 Whose Glorious Influence and Power is shown.
 Upon our Mother Earth: Whose pregnant Womb,
 Brings forth its Fruits our labouring Cares to Crown.
 And now the Plains in all their Glories seen,
 Bravely attir'd in their resplendant Green;
 Enamel'd with the blooming Flowers that grow,
 Which by *Sols* power like radiant spangles glow.

When

When bright *Auroras* Beams had clear'd the Day;
 And *Sols* bright Face shews forth his golden Ray,
 The noble Heroes of the rural Train,
 Are now Resolv'd, t'undress the fruitful Plain.
 Armed with Scythe, and Bottle, Stone and Ripe,
 Each in his Mouth, a curtail'd 'Bacco-pipe ;
 Like Janizaries march, with Weapons steel'd;
 To try their Valour in the Champion Field,
 Pull off their Ruffet Doublets, and begin
 To whet their Scythes, and boldly all set in;
 With violent Motions, and with steady Hand,
 They cut their Passage thro' the gleebing Land.
 And then return again with equal Force,
 So passing on, as by a stated Course :
 By fresh encounters still as they repass,
 They fall the lofty Spiers of yielding Grass;
 In stooping Postures, with prevailing Power,
 They trim the Earth, and cut down ev'ry Flower.
 See how they travel with incessant Pain,
 To see which shall the greatest Honour gain:
 By a continued course of labouring Strife,
 To gain the Honours of a painful Life.
 But now the *Sun* by his Reflexion gains,
 A total conquest of their early Pains;
 With labour and fatiguing Heat o'ercome,
 Under the shady Trees they all sit down;
 To Taste the Vertues of their Bottle-Beer,
 To raise their Hearts, and drooping Spirits chear.
 And now the Master with his Cane in Hand,
 Hastens into the Field to view his Land,

To

To see how every Workman plays his Part,
 By an ingenious Care, and dext'rous Art.
 And all to cut so close and fine as tho',
 They would their Honour by their practice show;
 With brave Good-morrows, and with kind salute,
 They make their kind Address with humble Suit.
 And now the Master must be sure to know,
 With what great Disadvantages they Mow.
 The Stones and Molehills, do their Scythes so spoil,
 Which mars their Work, and makes them fret and toil:
 The bottom's foul, you see we had not room,
 Or else the Work had been far better done.
 In smiling Mood, the Master looks awry,
 And bids them rouze, and take their Scythes and try.
 You make too much ado, I think says He,
 Pray now begin again, and let me See.
 No sooner he, his Mind to them had told,
 Like *Hector* brave, or *Hercules* of old,
 Each to his Work, applies with Courage bold.
 The first sets in, and all the rest come after,
 Each Workman strives to drive the other faster,
 Then Step by Step, they all go roundly on,
 Till one has clast his Scythe against a Stone:
 See now says He, how by this wretched Stroke,
 My Scythe is nipt, see how the Blade is broke,
 By this unhappy Stroke, I now have made,
 A wretched breach in this most curious Blade:
 This breach repair'd, I'll from such Strokes refrain
 And be more cautious, how I strike again.
 And now the Master marches straight away,
 To see his Female Servants making Hay,
 I'th Meadow which was mow'd th' other Day.

These

These Female Tattlers, thinking they were free,
 From all Disturbance: did straightway agree,
 To sit them down beneath a shady Tree. }

But now the Master comes within their Sight,
 Which puts these tattling Gossips in a fright,
 All in a hurry, now they wou'd begin,
 But know not how, nor where they must set in:
 They all jump up, as tho' 'twere for their Lives,
 'Tis time to go, when once the Master drives.
 The nimble Captain of this Female Band,
 With Fork in Hand steps on, at whose Command
 They all are rankt aright, from first to last ;
 She bids them go, and they advance as fast.
 They buckle to't with speed, and ev'ry Lass,
 Does Topsy-turvy turn the withering Grass.
 They cross the Furrows by their stated Rules,
 Then foil about, and change their Hands and Tools,
 Then they traverse the Ridges o'er again,
 And so return from whence they first began.
 Now they are mute, now they are all demure,
 The Masters sight, has made a perfect Cure
 Of all their tattling Nonfence: now they strive,
 By furious Strokes, each other to out drive.
 By curious Art how prettily they step,
 Over the stub'ling Turf with nimble Feet, }

And ev'ry one in perfect Order keep.
 Sometimes in Beds, the Work is placed low,
 Sometimes in Rows, thro' which the Wind must blow,
 Sometimes the chiefest of the Work is done,
 By the Reflexion of the scorching Sun :
 But when the Sun declines the Field is grac'd
 With pretty Cocks, in Order nicely plac'd ;

And

And now the Grass which but th' other Day,
 Stood in its verdant Glory bright and gay,
 Is metamorphos'd into withering Hay.

§. 5. Now let's reflect on what is past and try,
 How we may these in Metaphors apply ;
 The state of all that Pomp and glorious show,
 Which so inveagles Mortals here below.
 Lets represent how blooming Youth appears,
 In his resplendant young *Hebean* Years :
 He's blith and bonny, brisk, brave, bold and free,
 As tho' by his audacious Spirit He
 Would by presumeing Force ; at once outvie,
 The *Demi-Gods*, and all the Powers on high.
 Like the proud Blossoms of the glorious Spring,
 By headstrong Fury, and unbridl'd Swing,
 He vaunts and ruffles, in his gay Attire,
 And gives a freedom to his Hearts Desire,
 Puff'd up with Arrogance, he now disdains,
 His *Tutors* solid Councils and Commands :
 He still pursues his Sports, without delay,
 And fears no Mischief, but a Rainy Day.
 Brave Youth, hadst thou but Wisdom to commence
 The shortness of thy Time, and know from whence,
 Thou hadst thy Being ; by whose constant Care,
 Thy Life and Liberties preserved are.
 Should not that Being which has given thine,
 Have all the best, and Flower of thy Time ;
 Should not thy blooming Years, be spent to raise
 Fresh Trophies to thy great Creators Praise ;
 Who thus devote themselves are truly Wise,
 And give to God a pleasing Sacrifice.

For as the Grass, is by the Mowers Hand
 Cut down: so Death and time behind him stand,
Time shews his Forelock to the giddy Youth,
 And bids him sell the World, and buy the Truth;
 And not neglect thy Opportunity,
 For if neglected, it neglecteth thee.

Next he presents him in the other Hand,
 With a clear christial Glass, of running Sand;
 That by clear Demonstration he may spy
 With what prevailing force his Minutes fly;
 And how his great concerns must all be done
 With present Speed, before his Glass be run.
 In sliding Postures, then he shews his Wing;
 This to his Mind, doth full Assurance bring,
 How swift our precious Moments slide away,
 If not embrac'd they will no longer stay;
Time had his Forelock once, but you will find,
 If once you let him slip he's bal'd behind.
 Lastly he shews his Scythe, and tells him plain,
 He'll cut him down, when he returns again,
 And as he falls, so he must ever lye,
 Thro' endless Ages of Eternity.

No melting rhetoric can e'er recall,
 The Time that's past, when lost, its lost for all:
 Or if we but compare, the Flowers gay,
 To Lords and Ladies, in their rich array,
 The Mowers Scythe, will quickly cut them down,
 The greatest Prince, well as the meanest Clown;
 For Death which flatters none, but levels all,
 Cuts down the lowly Shrubs, and Cedars tall.
Lord fix these *Hieroglyphicks* in my Mind,
 That I may ne'er forget, but always find

A will to Work, what thou wouldst have me do;
 Lord give me both the Will, and Power too:
 That I may spend my time in Wisdoms ways,
 And with my Heart, may give thee daily Praise;
 That when my time shall end, I may be blest,
 And with thy Saints enjoy Eternal rest.
 When winged Time has worn our Lives away,
 Then Death will seize us, like some Bird of prey,
 No Infant innocence, nor Childish tears,
 Nor all the Pleadings of the Widows prayers;
 No Virgins Beauty, can allure his Eye,
 Or stop his killing Darts when once they fly:
 All youthful Wit, and Vigour then will fail,
 Nor all the force of *Princely* power prevail:
 None e'er could grapple with this conquering Foe,
 Nor none sustain, the fatal overthrow.
 Then let's be Wise in Time, and we shall be,
 From Deaths sharp sting and malediction free,
 And wing'd into a blest Eternity.



T H E

SECOND PART.

S E C T. I.

OF all the Nine, the blest Harmonious Quire,
 Whom shall I seek, of whom shall I desire,
 Celestial warmth, to sing Celestial things,
 Celestial Themes require the deepest Strings:
 Thee I'll invoke alone my *Heavenly* Muse,
 Affect my Brain, assist me how to Choose
 The brightest Themes; and with thy quick'ning Fire,
 Renew the Vigour of my free Desire;
 Faciliate my Fancy whilst I sing,
 The Vernal Glories, of the Verdant Spring.
 When Winter Storms declare the absent *Sun*,
 All Nature Mourns, and strives invain to shun.
 Those cooling Breezes; Storms of Snow and Hail,
 Which chills the Blood; and o'er the Heart prevail;
 Like as the Winter-beaten Herbs and Trees,
 Infold their sapless Limbs in mossy Freez:
 But when the bright returns of Orient Fire,
 Renew their Force; these frigid Deaths retire.
 How sweet the Ray, how pleasant is the Shine
 Of that great Orb, which does all things incline,

To that sweet Order, and kind Simpathy ;
 And all conjoin in perfect Harmony :
 When Equinoctial Hours of Shade and Light ;
 Balance the even Terms of Day and Night.
 And when the *Sun* in his prevailing Force
 Advances on, in his triumphing Course ;
 How beauteous and how gay the Fields appear,
 In this resplendant Season of the Year.
 The busy *Plowman* with his blust'ring Steeds,
 Into the Field with lively courage Speeds ;
 By an ingenious Hand, he well knows how
 To attire his Horses, and to fix his Plow ;
 This done he bids his *Pupil* drive away,
 And post along without the least delay ;
 With thund'ring speed the rolling Turfs do slide,
 Turn'd Topfy-turvy on the other Side ;
 With greatest Care, he strives the Soil to throw
 Upon the Lands, on which the Corn must Grow,
 With curious Art, he Sows the embrion Seeds,
 Which by the *Suns* productive Power breeds
 A plenteous Harvest, of increasing Grain ;
 To recompence th' Labourers toil and Pain :
 The glorious *Sun*, by his exhaleing Power,
 Attracts the Bud, and makes the blade appear,
 Then forms the Cane, and afterwards the Ear. }
 But when great *Sols* reverberating Fires,
 Begin to Crown the Husbandmans Desires,
 See how the bending Ears make silent suit,
 To be released from their sapless Root ;
 As tho' by soft request they wou'd Invite
 The labouring Peasant to his best delight.

Now the brave *Youths* their cutting Hooks prepare,
 And all the rural Train in Arms appear;
 Then cut for cut, and step by step they go,
 And lay their grasping handfulls all a row.
 The Female Padders now advance amain,
 Over the grassy Weeds, and stub'ling Plain,
 To gather up the handfuls which are made
 Up into Sheaves; and on large piles are laid.
 When the bold Heroes have gone thro' their Course,
 Again they rally with united Force,
 Whilst ev'ry proper Youth his Land bereaves,
 And fills his Bosom with the waveing Sheaves:
 With loud huzzas they raise their Stacks on high,
 And then resound with strong Alacrity.

§. 2. This joy of Harvest now may represent,
 How all our Time, and Talents shou'd be spent;
 That we at last may gain a blest increase,
 And all our Labours Terminate in Peace.
 Believe me Friend; behold! I tell you true,
 That you must let the Word, and Spirit too,
 Rip up the Ulcers of your naughty Heart,
 And make it bleed, with penitential smart:
 That so prepar'd you may receive the Seed,
 In good and honest Hearts; and so may breed
 The fruitful increase, of specific gain;
 Which to eternal Ages will remain.

§. 3. Now sportive Nature wantons in the Fields,
 And each new Day some various Beauty Yields,
 The whole Creation ripening, seems to live,
 Flowers Spring, Greens Flourish, and the Groves receive
 Their

Their Music with their Shades, O blest retreat!
 O dear remove! from Summers scorching Heat,
 Now Images arise confus'dly Bright,
 To please the Senses, and indulge the Sight,
 In every Gale some soothing Sound we hear
 Soft Transport to the Soul, and Music to the Ear,
 The smiling Infant loos'd, securely moves,
 Pleas'd and transported with its dear remove!
 A Guardian Angel every step directs,
 Bless'd for such Innocence, he now protects,
 The Flowers obsequious, quit the parent Bough,
 Bloom in his Bosom, or adorn his Brow.
 If overloaded from the Neighbouring Meads,
 He softly sinks, then starts, a laugh succeeds.
 This, this is Life from Trouble only free,
 And from the great one, *Tyrant Love* from thee.

§. 4. Thus we can dally with a darling Lust,
 And play the fool till we betray our Trust;
 Then we could wish that it had ne'er been done,
 And had been Wise the tempting Baits to shun:
 When with reflecting Sorrows we begin,
 To taste the bitter Fruits of cheating Sin;
 When Satans wile's have rob'd us of our *God*,
 And brought us under his correcting Rod:
 How childish are our Thoughts, when we can play,
 And squander all our precious time away,
 When in the Sunshine of Prosperity,
 Our Hearts are fondly set on Vanity.
 So *we* like *Children* follow after Toys,
 And lose the Taste of more refined Joys;

When

When that sweet Peace within is lost and gone,
 Our Souls they languish, and our Spirits Mourn,
 Then we can see our folly when too late,
 We buy Repentance at so dear a rate,
 And think our selves the most unfortunate :
 No sensual pleasure can make up the loss,
 When we deny, to bear the Saviours Cross,
 We throw away the Gold, to save the dross ;
 We bring ourselves into more dismal woes
 We gain a Brier, and lose a fragrant Rose.
 All Sins alluring Charms can ne'er appease,
 A troubl'd Mind ; or guilty Conscience ease,
 They who deny themselves for *Christ* shall find
 Far greater Pleasures, of a better kind ;
 And gain the sweet advantage of a peaceful Mind.

§. 5. See how the *Sun* by quick'ning energy,
 Gives Life and Vigour to the lab'ring *Bee* ;
 She flies with stretching Wing, and active Power
 From Field to Field, and ransacks ev'ry Flower,
 From lowly Plains she rises up on high,
 With murmuring Noise and fierce Agility,
 With wond'rous haste, and spreading Wing she Speeds
 And gathers Honey from the blooming Weeds,
 From Flower to Flower, from Hedge to Tree she roves,
 And with unwearied Pains she fiercely moves,
 From Tree to Hedge, she travels back again ;
 And carefully surveys the flowery Plain :
 With what incessant Labour does she strive
 To gather Honey, and to store her Hive ;
 Takes all Advantages of getting more,
 And daily adding to her former Store ;

With

With what great prudence does this Insect fly,
 And takes her fairest Opportunity :
 By curious Art she makes her Work compleat,
 And fills her golden Cups with dainty Meat :
 No Winter Storms, nor biting Frost she fears,
 But wisely in her Season so prepares,
 That she lives safely in her waxen Nest ;
 And so enjoys her well deserving Rest.

§. 6. Surely the *Bee* is Wise and Men are Fools,
 Could we but follow her Sagacious Rules ;
 Could we with Diligence our Time employ,
 In ev'ry gainful Opportunity :
 Cou'd we with prudent forecast wisely see,
 The sad Effects of dark Adversity,
 And by a Wise improving of our Time,
 When Season and Success together join,
 What fair Advantages do we possess,
 To make our Way for future Happiness.
 Cou'd we but well improve our Day of Grace,
 And with the greatest Vigour, so embrace
 Those golden Seasons, which we now enjoy
 And all our Time and Talents so employ,
 In striving how we may at last obtain,
 The surest riches and the truest gain.
 Could we with serious views anticipate,
 That awful reckoning, which we have to make
 Before the great tribunal of that God,
 Who gives the glorious Crown, or flaming Rod ;
 As is our Work, so must our Wages be
 To all the Ages of eternity.
 Surely we ought to use a previous Care,
 And with the utmost Diligence prepare

To meet the glorious Judge, who comes to view
 Our secret Thoughts, and all our Actions too.
 With what brave Courage, will the Saints appear,
 And cut their Passage through the flaming Air;
 When the shrill Trumpet sounds, they'll mount on
 High,

To meet their Saviour in the flameing Sky;
 With shineing Robes of Honour, and Renown,
 Their Heads invested with a glorious Crown:
 Transcending Pleasures will their Minds invite,
 To drink the flowing Streams of full delight.
 Their Bodies glorifi'd, shall then outvie,
 The radiant Spangles of the *Suns* bright Eye;
 Who then shall this great Happiness obtain,
 And be possess'd of this eternal gain?
 They who can pray with Faith and Fervency,
 And every darling Lust can mortify:
 They who forsake the World and Suffer loss,
 And after *Christ* can freely bear their Cross;
 They who Deny themselves and bear his Yoke,
 And all Delights of Sense and Sin revoke:
 They who can live by Faith, and readily
 With all the Terms of Gospel-Grace comply;
 They who the Laws of Charity fullfil,
 And take delight to do their Masters Will,
 They who fullfil the royal Law of Love,
 Who live in Peace, and constantly improve
 In gracious Habits; such whose Souls attend
 Both Work and Duty, to attain their End:
 These are the True Apparent Heirs of Heaven,
 To such the Crown of Glory shall be given.

§. 7. See how the cleanly Milk-maid neat and fair,
 Out shines the Glories of the Morning Star,
 Or the bright Spangles of *Auroras* Beams,
 Or *Cynthias* Beauty with her Silver Streams:
 As tho' the Rose and Lilly did combine,
 And strive each others Lustre to outshine;
 How brisk she moves, fair as bright *Sheba's* Queen,
 And dares not in a meaner Dress be seen:
 Her Milking-Pail must be both Clean and White,
 All her Attire, must be exactly Right.
 But if you'd know the Cause of all this Care.
 When the Occasion offers, you shall hear;
 Well! now she's Dress'd, she looks both fair and bright
 And trips along with Pleasure and Delight:
 Down to the Pasture with a willing Mind,
 Because she Hopes some private Guest to find,
 I will not tell you who's behind the Bush,
 Least I shou'd make the pretty Maid to Blush;
 Perhaps, some gallant Suitor, may be there
 Who knows his Season when he must appear;
 For whom she does a Sillibub prepare. }
 All this may be, and yet no harm in this,
 Perhaps, a soft embrace, or modest Kiss
 Shall end the parly; so she hastens Home,
 But does not tell her Mistress all thats done.

§. 8. And now how gladly wou'd I give Advice
 To those brave Spirits who are fondly Nice,
 Who in their blooming Youth go neat and trim,
 That they would keep their wild Affections in:

When

When youthful Blood shall kindle fond Desires,
 Then curb the fury of those rageing Fires;
 If you give way, they will no medium have,
 And you must then become a perfect Slave:
 When once the binding Power, of rageing Lust
 Corrupts the fancy, then your reason must
 Submit to Sense; and Sense alone must Rule,
 And so you turn the Man into a Fool.
 Fool did I say, nay when the flames increas'd,
 You turn the Man into a perfect Beast.
 You little know when innocence is lost,
 How many gripeing Sorrows it will cost;
 Your wounded Consciences will tell you then,
 What are the bitter fruits of cheating Sin,
 Unless you fall into stupidity,
 And then your lost to all Eternity.
 As you your safety, and Salvation prize,
 And would in Gods account be truly Wise,
 Let Reason and Religion, be your Guide,
 All pleasing Baits of Sense and Sin avoid,
 And in the ways of Gospel-Grace abide. }
 When vain Companions tempt you to excess,
 Be carefull to avoid all drunkenness;
 Be Sober, Modest, Moderate, Pure, and Chaste;
 Avoid all Rashness, never speak in Haste:
 And as you Love your Souls Prosperity,
 Be always carefull of your Company;
 Shun the Society of Drunken Fools,
 Who steer their Course by Satans crooked Rules;
 Choose such Familiars, whose sagacious Talk,
 Will help you forward in your Christian Walk:

If with Religious Company thou join,
 Thou mayst transact their Grace and make it thine;
 But if you choose to sit ith' scorners Seat,
 Their vicious Habits you will soon repeat.
 And after all, besure you do apply,
 The Throne of Grace, with Faith and Fervency;
 And never on your own Resolves rely.

§. 9. Now if you ask me why I chose this Theme,
 I tell you then, its but a waking Dream;
 As in the Feilds I took my daily Walk,
 Then with my self I oftentimes wou'd Talk,
 I askt my self, by what magnetic Power,
 The dazling Beauties of the fragrant Flower;
 Cou'd so affect mine Heart, and please mine Eye,
 The answer was, that I might Glorify,
 And worship the Eternal Deity.

I trac'd the Hedge-rows where the fragrant Briet,
 And bright *Rosellas* height'ned my Desire;
 I view'd the curious sorts of *Bess* and *Flies*,
 And with their Beauty, pleas'd my gazing Eyes:
 I view'd the Insects, in their differing Forms,
 With all that perfect Beauty which adorns
 Their curious Bodies; whilst the most minute
 Have each a different, but a glorious suit;
 If in the Creatures such bright spangles glow,
 How beauntious is the *God* that made them so!
 If these inferiour Creatures are so sweet,
 How sweets that *God* in whom all Glories meet,
God is the Spring from whence these Streams do run,
 They are but sparkles from that glorious Sun;

With

With sweet content, I spent my vacant Hours,
 Amongst the pleasant Shrubs and fragrant Flowers.
 Pleas'd as well, where such bright forms are seen,
 As STEPHEN DUCK, who lives on Putney Green,
 Tho' favour'd by our great Auspicious QUEEN.
 In this Elizium I with free desire,
 Could Sing my Swan like Song, in sacred Fire,
 And *Phoenix* like could in those Flames expire.

T H E

EPILOGUE.

HAIL all ye Nymphes of the Silvian Bowers,
 The bright Ideas of retired Minds;
 Hail all ye chanting Birds on lofty Towers,
 Sweetly Conforting, in your several Kinds.
 Hail all ye murmuring Troops of *Bees* and *Flies*,
 Hail gentle Dew, whose pearly Drops surprize,
 The sweet Perswasions of my wond'ring Eyes.

Not *Tbetian* rage, nor *Hecatean* spite,
 Can blast the Fervour of those sweet repeses,
 I suck the Elements with sweet delight
 Nor fragrant Garlands trim'd with blushing Roses
 Can equalize the grandure of that hue,
 Which *Floras* magazine sets out to'th. view:
 Where Shrubs, and Herbs, and Flowers,
 Their Suits, and Sweets renew.

And now my working Fancy seems to Faint,
 My Time is spent, and I must now retire,
 But I shall Sing again and bravely Chant,
 When I get up to that celestial Quire,
 Where Angels and departed Spirits Sing
 Loud Hallelujahs, to their glorious King;
 And universal Nature joins, to make the Heavens
 Ring.

The

The Author of these Poems, having gone through several remarkable Changes of Providence, (some of which being very Afflictive;) did frequently retire into solitary Places, for the Benefit of Contemplation, and for his own Amusement and Diversion compos'd the ensuing Poems, which he Hopes may be in some Measure Acceptable to the Indulgent Reader, (tho' they may not be altogether so suitable to his Circumstances in Life,) and may be an Entertainment not unacceptable to a pious Mind.

A
F A R E W E L L
T O T H E
W O R L D.

K E E P me no more within the fett'ring Bands,
Of false Delight, vain World, which only stands
In pompous shews, to please beguiled Fools
Who follow after those misguiding Rules
Of outward Objects; which the Senses please,
And bring upon the Soul a strange Disease.
Begone I say, withdraw thy golden Bait,
With all the Train of Engines which do wait
To catch poor Mortals whose ensnaring Net,
So cunningly contriv'd, so nicely set,
To entertain the Traveler with talk,
Till he's intangl'd in his heedless walk:
The flatt'ring Mirrours of the Worlds decoys,
Bring real Griefs, instead of seeming Joys;
One while you'll see some pretty pleasing Thing,
(You call it so,) because 'twill Pleasure bring:

But

But tir'd with this, anon perhaps you'll see
 Some other pretty Sweet, does more agree;
 Pleas'd with the Toy, our Fancies quickly tir'd
 And now we loath, what once we so admir'd,
 And thus we walk, along impatient round,
 Where no true Satisfaction can be found.

*An Enquiry after REST, by a Disconsolate Person,
 to whom it was become a Stranger.*

I.

CAN there be found a Place within the Sphere
 Of this vain World, where I may find recess;
 Where lies that happy Region, where, O where!
 Shall I seek out my gaintful Happiness:
 Where shall I find, for Soul tormenting fear
 An antidote, or make my Torments less,
 Is there no Flower in Natures Garden Grows,
 Whose Sovereign Power applied could interpose,
 To free me from my Fears and give my Mind repose. }

II.

Is there no secret Muse, or Wit refin'd,
 To raise my drooping Spirits, and make me live,
 Or smooth tongu'd eloquence to charm the Mind,
 Can these no Helps afford, no Cordials give?
 Are my refreshing Pleasures still behind,
 And all my Comforts yet ungenitive:
 Is there no melting rhetoric so drest,
 With quaint Expressions, could they not suggest
 Some saving Helps to set my Soul at Rest? }

III.

The angry Person makes Revenge his gain,
 And seeks his Easement with a boiling Liver,
 He Plots and Projects with a World of Pain
 And all he gets is a quotidian Fever,
 He's far from Rest in all his high disdain,
 He seeks for Rest, but goes the way to leave her:

Thus

Thus the Preposterous Thoughts of Mans desire
Is baffl'd, whilst the over fond discrier,
Seeks out his Rest in flakes of hellish Fire.

IV.

The lustful wanton feeds his eager thirst,
With the luxuriant Baits of sensual Pleasure;
His boiling Veins with callid tumours burst,
And when exhaust recharge from Cupids quiver,
In all his sanguine Dreams he's truly Curst,
He seeks his Rest by Sense, but finds it never,
His fleeting Pleasure gains a lasting blot,
Shame and Repentance too, shall be his lot;
His Body wasteth, and his Name shall rot.

V.

See how the proud in their ambitious Strains,
Seek out their Happiness by mounting higher,
The gripeing Niggard too with open Hands,
Catcheth at the vast Orb to bring it nigher,
The swinish Drunkard gives his Lust the Rains,
Insatiately, to feed his hot desire;
The Proud, the Coveteous, the Drunkard too,
Shall each one miss their Aims in all they do,
One falls, One looses, all at last shall rue.

VI.

But why do I enumerate the Faults
Of Brain-sick Mortals, ah! my Sovereign Rest,
Is not as yet attain'd; my Spirit Haults
As well as theirs, to see my self unblest;
I'm too successless in my fresh Assaults,
Tho' my Desires are more and more increas'd:
To think of this sad plight, my Spirit quails me,
My Foe with never ceasing rage assails me;
My Friend, (on whom I trust) too often fails me.

VII. Whilst

VII.

Whilst in this World alas! we live oppress'd,
 With constant Changes, and succeeding Cares;
 How shall we think to gain that Sovereign Rest,
 Amidst these Hurries, and innumerate Snares:
 The Worlds a Cheat, mere Vanity at best,
 This every Trial openly Declares;
 How do the vain Conceits of foolish Men,
 Beguile their greedy Expectations, when
 They look for Hundreds, where they gain but ten.

VIII.

If once refresh'd, yet still we thirst anew,
 Our craveing Souls are still more sadly vex'd,
 Our strong Desires and boundless thoughts renew
 Their Force, and leave our Souls the more perplex'd,
 This our intemperate passions plainly shew,
 Indulging one Day what we loath the next:
 In seeking Rest, we gain a lasting trouble,
 Earths sweet repose is like a fleeting bubble,
 When void of Care, fresh Cares unseen redouble.

IX.

When prosperous Gales brought home my worldly
 Wealth,
 And fresh successes banish'd anxious Care,
 My chearfull Heart enjoy'd both Ease and Health,
 I saw no change Approach, no danger near;
 Till by a strange decoy, and secret stealth
 Wealth took its Wings, and did no more appear
 Pass'd quite beyond the Verge of my recall,
 By fierce pursuit, I gain'd the greater fall,
 And lost my Peace, my Rest, and Hopes and all.

X.

I sought my Friends, but they alas! forsook me
 My strong Conceits of their relief prov'd Vain;
 My choice Familiars oft times overlook'd me,
 Adding fresh Sorrow to my former Pain;
 I fled, Disgrace it ran and over took me,
 And brought me back with arrogant disdain:

But since its so, let me no more be fed
With empty Shadows; nor be vainly led,
To seek for Rest where Rests for ever fled.

XI.

Here's no Content, nor ground for solid Mirth,
Nor Rest, nor Peace, nor Trust in earthly Goods,
Here's no secure Recess, nor Rest, whats Earth
Compos'd of Waits, and Dens, and desert Woods?
Or what's the most refined Pleasure worth,
Midst Shelves, and Rocks, and Storms, and Raging
Floods?

But might I have my Will, I'd never stay,
Or had I Wings to Fly, I'd speed away,
And soon arrive where my sweet Treasure lay.

XII.

I'd Speed away with such an eager Flight,
And scorn the Profers of Earths choicest Treasure,
I'd soar aloft, and soon be out of Sight,
And give my panting Soul no stint, no measure,
I'd never Rest by Day, nor sleep by Night,
But count my stretching Pains, my painful Pleasure;
Till I once got a Taste of that sweet Rest,
Which Eye hath never seen, nor Tongue exprest;
Among the Saints whom God hath fully blest.

XIII.

Methinks my fixed Thoughts could never tire,
To think on such a pleasing Theme as this is,
Let Flesh be scorch'd in that celestial Fire,
So I could once enjoy those sacred Blissess,
I'd throw these dangling Plummetts in the Mire,
And bath my Soul with hecatombs of Kisses,
There shoud my sweet repose be safe and sure,
And mine embraces all be chaste and pure,
And unto endless Ages still endure.

XIV.

Thou blest *Jehovah* whose transcending Grace,
Has brought to Light, such hidden Springs of Love,
And thou most *Royal Prince* of *Dauids* Race, Who

Who by thy purchase, didst the Curse remove;
 And thou most *Holy Spirit* whose moving pace,
 In all my Dangers, has so freely strove,
 Grant me, O grant me! my Desires at last,
 That I those Soul-refreshing Sweets may taste,
 Then come away my *Lord*, my Love make haste.

A P O E M.

ROUSE up my Muse and let the Airy Wing
 Of some Seraphick Motion, Tune the String
 Of thine untuned Lyre; let no dark Fog
 Damp thy Desires nor trepid Humours clog,
 The sprightful Genius of thy warm desire,
 Tind with the Power of more than common Fire.
 The sprightful twang, of *Orpheus* merry string
 Unsuits my Case, nor settled Comforts bring,
 Nor the melodious Harp of blith *Appollo*
 To rise my fetter'd Fancy; shall I follow
 The strains of frolick Mirth, or Syren Charms,
 These frantic Joys produce far greater Harms.
 Rouze then thine Airy mein, awake and Sing,
 Hark how the Birds Salute the welcome Spring
 With their shril Voices, echoing in the Air;
 Chanting their Raptures with a full Career:
 In thoughtless ease they Live without complaint,
 And void of Care, as they are free from want,
 They neither Sweat with Toil, nor Faint with Sor-
 row,
 To think how their Supplies must come to morrow.
 The Fowls are daily fed, and Lilles thrive,
 But how these Succours come they ne'er contrive,
 Shall they be th' Objects of their Maker's Care,
 And I be left to perish in Dispair?
 Nay, sure its passion leads the Mind astray,
 To think that I shall e'er be cast away,

Let those dull-sighted Owls which hate the Light,
 Who reek in Blood, and revel in the Night,
 In sad results; who seek beyond all Measure
 To find their gainful loss, and bairnfull Treasure:
 Let such take up their Thoughts in pannic Fears;
 And drench their stupid Souls in brinish Tears,
 But shall that Soul-enlivening Light be given
 In vain, or am I of my Hope bereaven?

Let that Soul-quick'ning Power at once out Face
 All rival Powers, confronting all Disgrace;
 Or what soever seems to bring a change,
 Or makes mine undisturbed Mind to Range:
 What sweet composure, will that rest allow
 Which was so dearly purchased, or how
 Shall they again be curst who once were blest,
 Or of their heritage be dispossess't.

Peace upon Earth, as well as heavenly joy
 Was freely given, and sure entail'd, for why
 There's no unconstant Motions in that Love,
 Which first of all advanc'd itself above:

The faint Conceits and bounded Thoughts of Men;
 Who knew not how it was contriv'd nor when,
 Those secret Springs receiv'd their unseen Motion,
 Which gave a passage to a boundless Ocean,
 Of those refreshing Pleasures and Employments,
 Of those sweet Treasures, and those dear Enjoyments;
 Which quite o'er ballance Earths more faint repofes,
 Soft Pillows, sweet Perfumes, and Beds of Roses,
 High feed, delicious fare, and dainty Dishes,
 Voluptuous Baits, and more insatiate Wishes
 Of earthly Minds, and all the high-built Stories
 Of rising Honours; such like worldly Glories,
 Are not the Prologues to a glorious Crown,
 Nor pledges of superlative renown.

Let him be blest, whose high-born Soul refuses,
 These Dungil Baits of Sense, who rather chuses

More

More noble joys, more satiateing pleasure,
 More lasting Riches, truly called Treasure.
 That's truly good *indeed*, which is the best,
 And ground Work of everlasting Rest;
 Were wants make no allay, nor fullness cloy
 Those superem'nent, sempeternal joys:
 Whence Vice is banish'd, where no Lust can enter,
 Love is the Sacred Theme, and rest the Center.
 No Womens Tongues are there, to cause debate
 Tho' here they rattle with Distracting hate,
 Are all excluded from that House of State.

These wretched Fiends, and Sorcerers without,
 Shall have no Power at all to Face about
 To charge the Gates, or Scale the Walls by Force,
 Tho' Gog, and Magog with their Foot and Horse
 Do thrust and trample down with cursed Spleen,
 Shall all be beaten off with Vengance keen:
 So safe and sure are blessed Souls at Rest,
 When all opposing Powers shall be suppress.



T H E
INTRODUCTION.

IF Passion be a Spur to Poetry,
As some have said, I with the same agree
And must confess its often so with me ;

Like as the Element, by claps of Thunder,
Foretels some threat'ning Storm, or fright'ning Wonder,
Yet clears the Air, and all is easy under.

And thus the Bias of my Fancy moves,
Anon its settl'd, then again it roves,
And will not be restrain'd from what it loves.

Let *Stoics* rest in their conceited Notions,
More thinking Men, affect those Revolutions,
Which plague the World with woful Retributions.

Thus as I mus'd in melancholic Dreams,
Fresh Phantoms came apace, like light'ning Streams,
Which forc'd me to such bitter sweet extreams,
That fearing they should stray, and loose each other,
I sat me down and sew'd them altogether.

SECRET
MUSINGS,
OR
REFLECTIONS
ON THE
TIMES;

Wrote when *Trading* was dead, and an uncommon
Sickness prevail'd, both at Home and Abroad.

I.

FIRST I beheld the mighty *Nimrods* swell,
Beating their Vassals with resistless Power,
With Rage, and Rapin, striving to excell
Each rival Monarch, seeking to devour;
The World combustible thus set on Fire,
Totters betwixt strange Fears, and strong Desire,
To have its Peace renew'd, and made more entire.

II. This

II.

This done fresh Plagues come on, yet more and
 faster
 By th' Lordly pageants of these earthly Powers,
 How close they stick each to his Lord and Master,
 And drench the World in Streams of bloody Showers,
 Thus by Ambition, Rapin, Rage, and Lust,
 The World is whipt, and lashed, with Judgments just,
 While the Grandees fall, and sink into the dust.

III.

War thus begun, with direfull Devastation,
 The Consequences of these dread Alarms,
 And Prince, and Peer, to satiate their Ambition,
 Won't spare to set the World in horrid Flames :
 And Towns, & Castles, Forts, & Towers must fall,
 Before the thund'ring Guns, and battering Ball,
 To make away for Lords Tyrannical.

IV.

Then to pursue their Ends what strange Oppression,
 Do Subjects *feel* they'r fleec'd, and flead, to Succour
 This mighty charge, for by a true Confession,
 This still must be upheld by filthy Lucre;
 The root of all the Evils, which befall
 The Sons of Men, and which is worst of all,
 They will not see this Plague tho' Epidemical,

V. Next

V.

Next I beheld the rich, and mighty follow,
 The separate Interests of their private gain,
 And gripe and gape as tho' they meant to swallow
 What e'er by force, or fraud, they could obtain :
 By strange inclosures, they oppress the Poor,
 They rack their Tenants, and must still have more
 To add to their ill-got, increasing store.

VI.

And thus the careless World is left full sore,
 By Force, and Fraud, and violent Exaction,
 Inferiours they full oft repay the Score
 By bold Rebellion, Treachery, and Faction ;
 From whence I form a full and true relation,
 That Men of all Degrees, and ev'ry Station,
 Have wrought the Worlds sad woes, & dismal desolation.

VII.

'Tis plain to me the World grows worse and worse,
 And every Age discovers new intrigues,
 And every Creature hath its proper Cause,
 And Men unite in strange pernicious Leagues ;
 With such strange Circumventions, which redouble
 The growing Evils, with more height'ning trouble,
 Inveigling with a Prize, but cheating with a Bubble

VIII.

But if you view the time, you'll wond'ring say
 Mans stage tho' short, decreaseth more and more,
 That such dire Tragedies, in this short stay
 Should thus be acted, much augments the Score.
 The Life of Man's but like the Morning shade,
 A while we flourish, but we quickly fade,
 Dissolving into Dust whereof we're made.

IX.

But ah! what strange Relations do we hear!
 Of wasting Plagues, in Country, Town, and City,
 And that which others feel, we daily fear;
 This makes the heart full sad, and moves to Pity:
 The dreadful Subjects of that sore Disaster
 Where Death triumphs, and like a lordly Master,
 Devours the vital Parts, and proves a deadly waster.

X.

What prodigies of that resistless Fate!
 And like resemblance, of this sore Disease,
 Hath shak'd the Pillars of our tottering State,
 With Boils, and Blains, corrupting natures Ease,
 With shattering pangs, which makes the fabrick fall,
 And Death which Flatters none but Levels all,
 Cuts down the lowly Shrubs and Cedars tall.

XI. Again

XI.

Again I searcht and found more grievous strife,
 An heap of Sorrows by confusion bred;
 It's worse than Death, to live a pining Life
 In wants, and worse, in anguish, fear, and dread:
 Our outward Joys are lost, and Trade decay'd,
 Our Springs do fail, and all our Comforts fade;
 Our Hopes abortive prove, and vanish like a shade

XII.

I search'd again with a precarious Eye,
 And saw the juggling Tricks of cheating Knaves,
 How with a fair beguile, and crafty Lye,
 The Honest Trader he of Wealth bereaves:
 The various Arts which Pimps, and Panders use,
 To kidnap all they catch within their Noose,
 By sly Perswasion, and by strong Abuse.

XIII.

With what outrageous violence, do the train
 Of furious Bandogs in their cruel Rage,
 Oppose the honest Trav'ler on the Plain,
 Strangely surpriz'd not willing to engage,
 Yields up his Treasure, to his wrangling Foe,
 With strong Reluctancy he lets it go,
 With direful Rhetoric and dismal woe.

XIV.

I have observ'd the Worlds delinquent State,
 Hath been repaid with Poverty and Loss,
 And as its forms have been degenerate,
 It's specious Gold hath chang'd to Dirt and Dross.
 See how the poor increase in ev'ry Town,
 Some cloath'd in Rags, who us'd to wear the Gown,
 And some who strove to stand, are tumbl'd down. }

XV.

And now my Secret Musings are explain'd
 If true, then sure the Case is sad indeed,
 If false, my private Thoughts may be disdain'd,
 But true or false, let wiser Judgments read;
 But sure my Thoughts are fixt, and I'll not feign,
 For having view'd the Series o'er again,
 I clos'd mine Eyes, to sleep away my Pain. }



A P O E M on F L E S H.

W H A T Means this filthy Carnage to engross
 My *summum bonum*, what ecliptic Vapour,
 Is't that I see within, which sticks so close,
 And dims the Light of that celestial Taper.

Is it some modern Guest which thus encroaches,
 Usurping Power where its right is least,
 With Blots and Stainings oftentimes reproaches,
 The noble Part, and changes Man to Beast ?

See what mis-shapen Births, what ghastly Feature
 Invades poor Man, made Lord of Earth and Sea,
 Ah me ! my Bowels, what an horrid Creature
 Is Man unman'd, the worst of all the Three.

Man more sublime, at first was made I know,
 When the blest *Doner* did his Mind inspire,
 How then did wretched Man this Rest forego,
 Truly by yielding to a fond Desire.

Hence this dire Metamorphosis ensu'd,
 The Fire went out, whilst dregs of drossy Earth,
 Inclos'd the Soul, O strange viscissitude !
 Devoid of Change, without a second Birth.

A
CONFLICT

Between the
SPIRIT and *FLESH*.

SPIRIT.

AND must I suffer loss, and bear my Pain,
And must I bear my Cross, and yet no more
complain?

If this be all I get by my Complaint,
What *God* denies to give, then let me learn to Want.

FLESH.

But Oh! these sad Decays, are real, real Ills,
But Oh! these long Delays, are bitter, bitter Pills,
Must I lie grov'ling in the darksome Night,
And never once behold one Beam of chearing Light.

SPIRIT.

Fond Child, wilt thou rebuke the great Decrees
of Heaven,
In whose great statute-Book are all thy Motions
Written,

Hadst

Hadst thou been Cautious to observe its Laws,
Thou mightst have 'scap'd the Rod, and gain'd thy
Gods Applause.

F L E S H.

Must I not seek relief my Troubles to appease,
Must I concoct my Grief and never find release?
O! this is Bitter, but the killing Dart
Is when I see no Easement of my Smart.

S P I R I T.

Yes, thou mayst seek, but not with murmuring
Breath,
Thy Sins (even at the least) deserve no less than
Death,
If thou recount what thy past Deeds have been,
Thou'lt say thy Grief's inferiour to thy Sin.

F L E S H.

Three thousand Times and more, the rolling Sun
hath gone
Its daily Circuit, whose quick'ning Beams have shone,
To cheer the Beasts, and Birds whilst I, poor I,
O'er balanc'd with my Pains, in Grief and Anguish
lye.

S P I R I T.

Recount each Day, and Year, spent in luxurious
Ease,
And soon it will appear, what wrought thy long
Disease,

The

The Hand of Justice may be long delay'd,
But Sins repast, will surely be repaid.

F L E S H.

If this be so, yet long since I've repented,
That so my future ill might be prevented;
What then remains, but anxious Fear and Care,
When all my Hopes revolve in black Dispair.

S P I R I T.

If this hath been thy Case, once more Attention give,
Instead of growing worse, thou surely wilt revive,
The darkest Hour precedes the dawning Day,
And Sol pursues it with his golden Ray.

C O N C L U S I O N.

Since Time, and Chance, befall the Sons of Hu-
man Race,
And Providence through all keeps on its equal Pace,
I'll seek, and hope, and pray, and wait for Rest,
Till *that* kind Providence, shall think it best.

Fiat.

Fiat.

Fiat.



F I N I S.

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